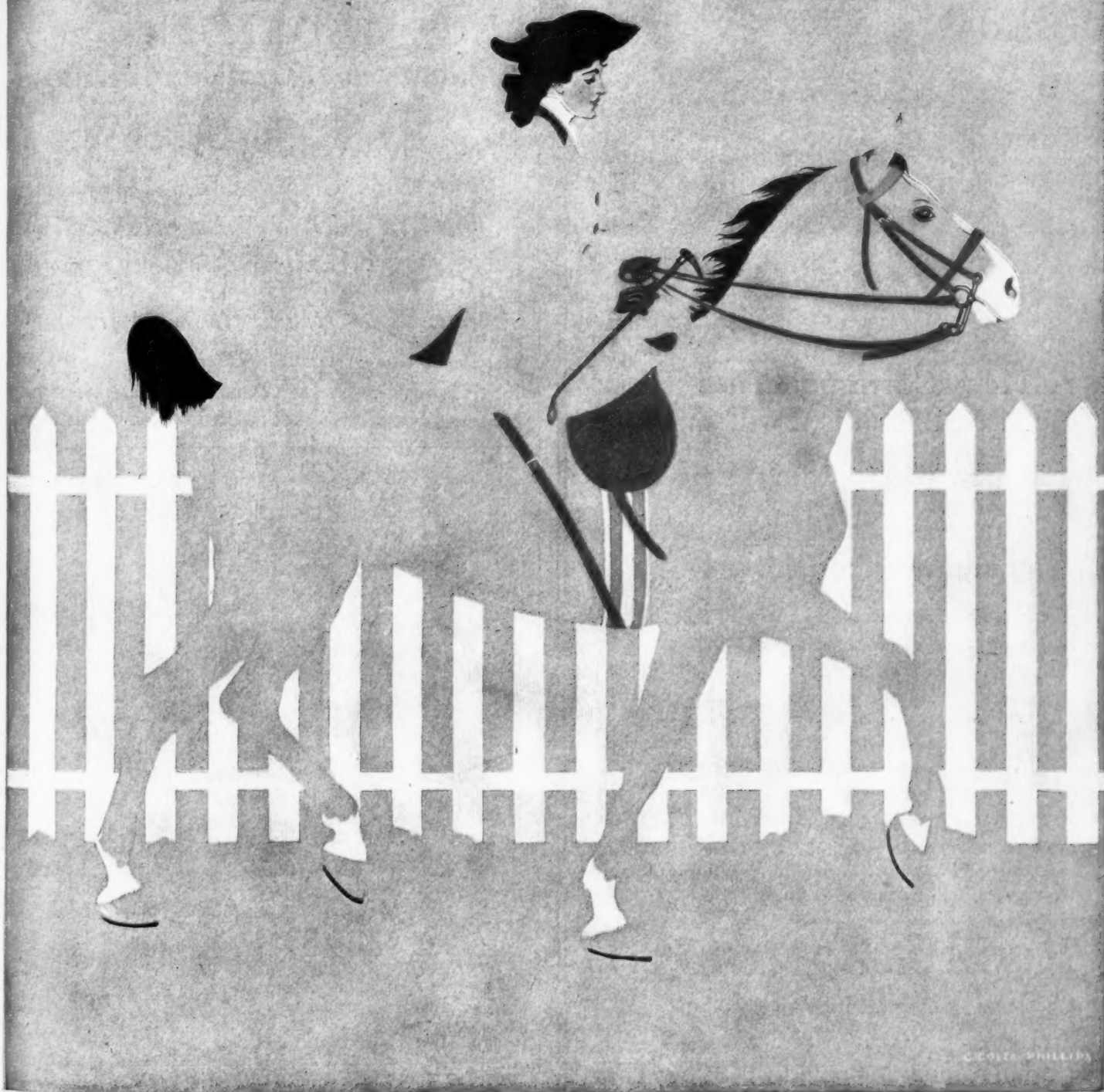
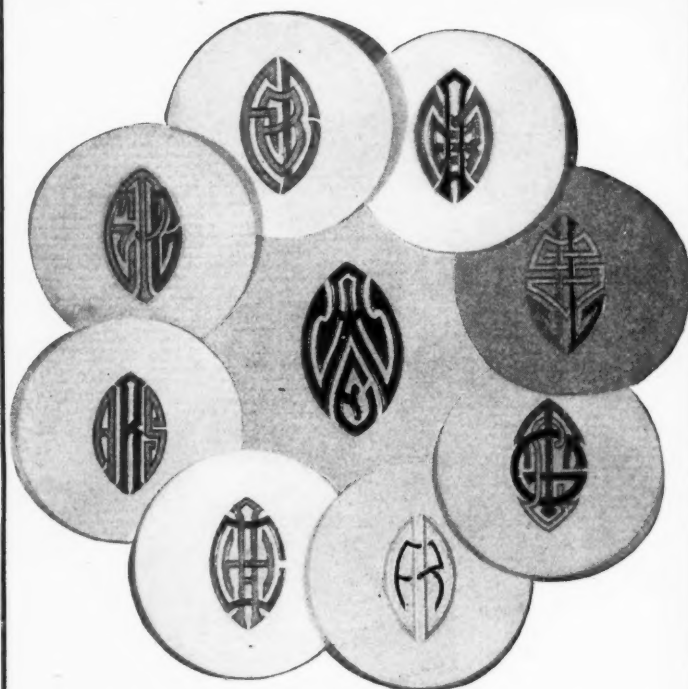


# LIFE



Shoemaker - Marion



A New Correspondence Paper  
Reed & Barton's Twilled Piqué

A new monogram "Vesica"

A new effect in illuminated  
stamping

These are the attributes together with the Reed & Barton standard of workmanship that have made this the season's exclusive style.

Cost of Die,	-	-	-	\$5.00
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" " " any one color,	-	-	-	.15 " "
" " " gold or silver,	-	-	-	.25 " "
" " Paper and Envelopes,	-	-	-	.50 " "

Specimens and designs mailed upon request.

A beautifully illustrated book of wedding stationery showing the correct forms and the newest styles of engraving and paper, covering all functions, together with prices, will be furnished on request.

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*Brooks Brothers,*  
**CLOTHING,**  
*Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,*

Imported Vests, Sweaters, Mufflers,  
Caps, Gloves and Stockings  
of Shetland and Angora Wool  
in Exclusive Styles.

*Send for Illustrated Catalogue.*

BROADWAY COR. TWENTY SECOND ST., NEW YORK



Mr. Bug (the tourist): LAND SAKES! HEPSY, I HAD NO IDEA THE BLACK SEA WAS SO NEAR BOSTON.

# THE CANNON ROARED

While campaigning in his home State, Speaker Cannon was once inveigled into visiting the public schools of a town where he was billed to speak.

In one of the lower grades, an ambitious teacher called upon a youthful Demosthenes to entertain the distinguished visitor with an exhibition of amateur oratory. The selection attempted was Byron's "Battle of Waterloo," and just as the boy reached the end of the first paragraph, Speaker Cannon suddenly gave vent to a violent sneeze.

"But, hush! hark!" declaimed the youngster—"a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did ye hear it?"

The visitors smiled, and a moment later the second sneeze—which the Speaker was vainly trying to hold back—came with increased violence.

"But hark! (bawled the boy)—"that heavy sound breaks in once more,

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

Arm! arm! it is the cannon's opening roar!"

This was too much, and the laugh that broke from the party swelled to a roar when "Uncle Joe" chuckled: "Put up your weapons, children; I won't shoot any more."—*W. B. Kerr in Success.*

## ON VACATIONS

It is related in Mr. Stewart Edward White's book, "The Mountains," that once upon a time a man happened to be staying in a hotel room which had originally been part of a suit, but which was then cut off from the others by only a thin door, through which sounds carried clearly.

It was about eleven o'clock when the occupants of that next room came home. The man heard the door open and close. Then the bed shrieked aloud as somebody fell heavily upon it. There breathed across the silence a profoundly deep sigh.

"Mary," said a man's voice, "I'm mighty sorry I didn't join that Association for Artificial Vacations. They undertake to get you just as tired and just as mad in two days as you could by yourself in two weeks."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

## ASKING TOO MUCH

I believe there is a story told of Mark Twain that in youthful days, being sent out by his mother to weed a certain flower bed, and finding more weeds than flowers, he came back in and asked if he might not "flower the weed bed."

Our little Alfred probably has as great an aversion to work as had the youthful Clemens. Admonished to pull some rather large weeds in the back yard, after a faint-hearted lift on one of them, he shouted:

"Mamma, how do you think I'm going to pull these weeds when the whole world is hitched onto them?"—*Woman's Home Companion.*

## PARADOXICAL

"I have written a book that everybody ought to read," said the author.

"I'm afraid it won't do," answered the publisher. "What the public seems to want now is a book that nobody ought to read."—*Washington Star.*

YOUNG HOPEFUL: Mummy, have gooseberries got legs?

Mother: No, dear.

YOUNG HOPEFUL: Then I've swallowed a caterpillar.—*Bellman.*

"HURRY up, Tommy!" called mother from down-stairs. "We're late now. Have you got your shoes on?"

"Yes, mamma—all but one."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

# FRANKLIN 1909

## Weight is what wears out tires.

In a paper read before the French Society of Civil Engineers, M. A. Michelin, the noted tire expert, says:

"If the weight of an automobile is increased five per cent., it increases the wear and tear on tires fifteen per cent."

This means that the average water-cooled automobile with its extra weight of plumbing apparatus—and weighing as it does a third more than a Franklin model of the same capacity—wears out tires just twice as fast.

Franklin light weight and large wheels and tires eliminate the tire bugbear from automobiling.

Model D weighs only 2100 pounds, yet it has the same size wheels and tires as other automobiles weighing 3200 pounds and upward. Model H has larger wheels and tires than some automobiles a thousand pounds heavier.—The larger the tires, the greater their wearing surface, and the longer they last. But no tires made are large enough to offset the wear and tear put upon them by the bulky heavy-water-cooled machines.

You cannot reduce tire expense or any other expense to a reasonable figure in a heavy automobile.

You cannot get the same refinement and simplicity—the combination of strength with light weight—except through Franklin air-cooling.

What would it mean to you to get rid of tire trouble and at the same time cut the bills down half?

Before you buy, think of tires; and all the burden and trouble that go with useless weight.

Write for the catalogue describing the complete line of Franklin automobiles—touring-cars, runabouts and closed cars.

H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO.  
Syracuse, N. Y.



Model H. Six cylinders. Seven passengers. 36-inch wheels.

127-inch wheel-base. 2500 pounds. \$3750. F. o. b. Syracuse.

Model H is the most refined example of six-cylinder engineering

—powerful, smooth, simple. There is not another large touring-car so comfortable and safe to ride in and so economical to use. And in appearance and details it has no superior.

## CLARK'S CRUISE of the "ARABIC" To THE ORIENT

16,000 tons, fine, large,  
unusually steady.

February 4 to April 16, 1909

Seventy-one days, costing only \$400.00 and up, including shore excursions  
SPECIAL FEATURES: Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, Algiers, Malta, 19 Days in Egypt and the Holy Land. Constantinople, Athens, Rome, the Riviera, etc.

Cruise Round the World, October 16, 1909.

F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York

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Carriage Builders

Luxurious Automobile Bodies made of aluminum, designed and finished to suit individual tastes. Light, durable and artistic. Standard for quality.

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COMPLETE CARS

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Travellers to the Far East can always purchase these famous cigarettes on board all the first-class steamers of the Trans-Pacific Lines, including:

<i>The Korea</i>	<i>The Manchuria</i>	<i>America Maru</i>
<i>The China</i>	<i>The Mongolia</i>	<i>Hongkong Maru</i>
<i>The Siberia</i>	<i>The Asia</i>	<i>Nippon Maru</i>

The Pall Mall Famous Cigarettes which are sold on board steamships reach the consumer in the same state of excellence as on land.

*"A Shilling in London  
A Quarter Here  
Either On Board"*



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*The Champagne of Table Waters*



THE SOURCE — Sparkling midst the vineyards of Southern France, the fame of Perrier has spread over all the world.

## PERRIER CONTAINS ONLY NATURAL GAS

The artificial waters, which Americans have heretofore been accustomed to drink, produce severe gastric disorders.

## DRINK PERRIER

1. Alone or with a slice of lemon.
2. With your whisky or white wine.
3. With your meals at home, restaurant and club.

Perrier is not salt to the taste.

Ladies greatly appreciate the delicacy and freshness of Perrier.

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(Founded 1715)



AND

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BRANDIES MADE  
FROM WINE

Sole Agents  
G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.  
New York



## Don't Be Shocked

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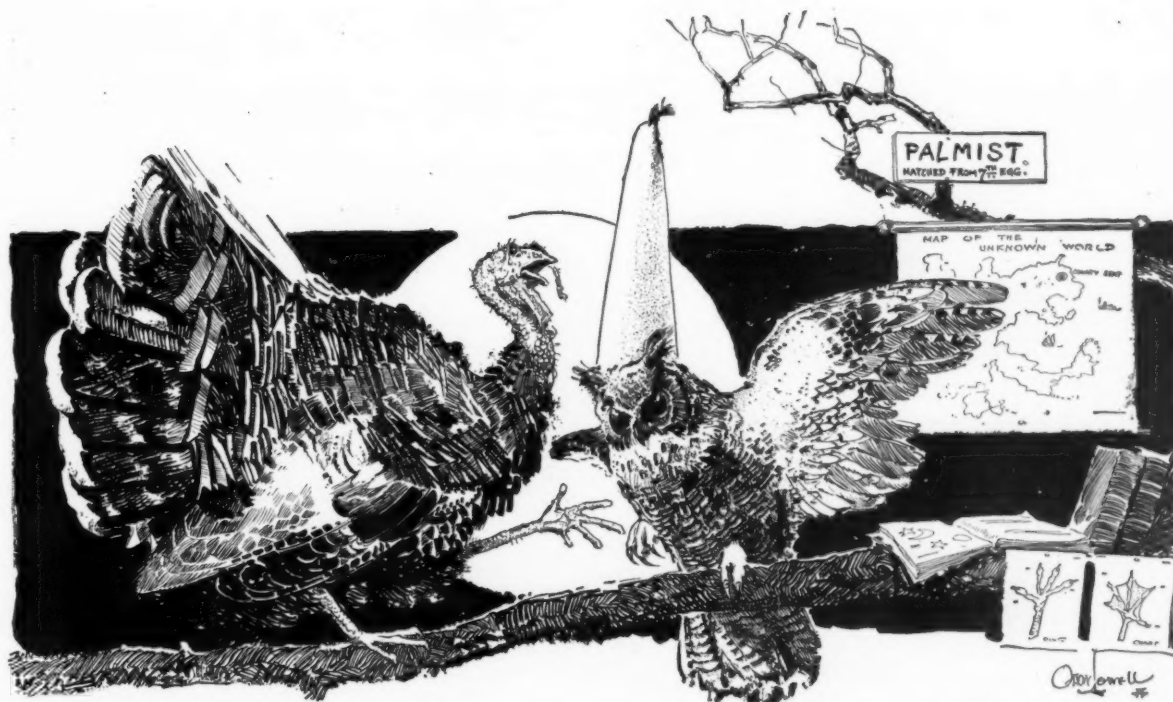
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# LIFE



"I SEE CLOUDS RUSHING ACROSS THE MOON'S FACE; AVOID THE SOCIETY OF CRANBERRY SAUCE AND STUFFING OF ALL SORTS: ABSTAIN FROM FATTENING FOODS. IF YOU CAN FIND A RELIABLE OBESITY CURE, TAKE IT. BEWARE OF A TALL DARK MAN WEARING A BLACK MOUSTACHE AND A HATCHET."

## Bohemia

### *A Lesson in Geography*

ON THE north it is bounded by mountains of Fame,  
On the south by the Valley of Tears,  
On the west by the mystical Highlands of Hope,  
On the east by the Forest of Fears.

Its products are laurels and oats—wild oats;  
Its mineral, gold of the heart;  
And its natives are known by the rents in their coats,  
While the name of its ruler is Art.

The tongue of its people is simple to learn;  
Their chief words are "borrow" and "lend,"  
"Technique" and "idea," "broke," "dinner" and "beer,"  
"Love," "wine," and "to-morrow" and "friend."

The national hymn is a song of good cheer,  
The national flower, heartsease;  
The national emblem, a tankard of beer,  
And its motto is, "Do as you please!"

Its latitude? Some say it lies in the zone  
That runs from the heart to the head;  
For its day just begins, when respectable folk  
Are quietly going to bed.

No laws guard its ports from the stranger without.  
Would a wanderer enter? He may!  
Yet, though wide be the world, it is only the few  
Have succeeded in finding the way.

Would you go? Take a train at the town, Dream-of-Fame,  
Or a ship at the port of Don't Care,  
Sail or ride for a day, through the Widening Way,  
And at Poverty land. You are there.

Put up at the hostelry, Cheap Table d'Hôte,  
Where the prince and the pauper may dine,  
And forget all your ills, all your sorrows and bills,  
In the national nectar, Red Wine.

'Tis a wonderful draught, full of bubble-o'-dreams,  
This draught of the surcease-of-sorrow;  
So drink to that rare land, that work-wait-and-dare land,  
Bohemia—Land of To-morrow!

Helen Rowland.

FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN: Has the business panic affected you any?

SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN: Dreadfully. We're on the verge of starvation. Do come and have dinner with us.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LII NOVEMBER 12, 1908 No. 1359

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.  
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



YES, Taft is elected; yes, Bryan is beaten; yes, the country is saved again, and New York has gone for Hughes, and the

West is still Republican, and the South is not so Democratic as it was.

Dear! dear! but it is solid comfort to have it over, no matter what, there is so much to do in this country just now besides electing folks to office.

At the very end of the campaign the game was played pretty hard. Bryan has set a pace for campaigning which tends altogether too much to make the last weeks of candidacy a physical endurance contest. There would be no advantage in having a Marathon winner for President, and a Marathon winner's physical pertinacity ought not to be necessary to attainment of that office.

But that is over, and now there is so much to do, and it is going to be so difficult to get it done right! First of all, though possibly not of most importance, there is business to be done, as honestly as possible, and with the most possible regard for the interests of everybody concerned. Closely connected with that are matters that will call for legislation—like the currency problem and the tariff—and other matters like railroad management, the increase of freight rates, and the street railroad tangles in which responsibility and authority have come to be so divided between private owners, lawyers, courts, commissioners, and State and national executives, that necessary freedom of action is hardly to be had.

And there are night riders to be caught, tried, and hanged in the South, and some chauffeurs and some bad Italians in the North; and law-defiers and breakers in all parts of the country to be brought up with round turns, and

race problems to be contemplated, and the solid South to be melted up somehow, and the woman-suffrage-question to be met or dodged, and some more satisfactory solution for the horse-race question found. Here certainly are important jobs of work waiting clamorously for attention, but the most interesting of all, and probably the most important, is not in that list.



NEITHER Taft nor Bryan said anything he could help about the rum question, but there is no single question or problem pressing just now for treatment that looks to us so interesting as that. No problem, not even the currency problem, has more need to be treated by experts, or is getting less expert treatment. The current anti-rum movement is partly hysterical, partly political, partly moral, partly religious, and partly economic, but it is almost all bullheaded and inexpert. It is not so much a treatment as a war, and like wars it is brutal, unjust, and destructive in its details, however in the end it may be justified by results.

Apparently it has had to be so. In Europe governments are experimenting with restriction of the sale and consumption of alcoholic drinks under advice of the wisest authorities they can find. Here in various States we get liquor legislation in response to the demands of Methodist and Baptist ministers, and members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, who want to make this a teetotal country, and aim, all of them, at national prohibition, enforced by every governmental power the nation has.

No doubt our considerable improvements are bound to start in that way with a rampageous popular movement, that is strong enough to win respectful attention and get things done. The wise and moderate are not very good at getting things done. If they had attempted to get a better regulation of the liquor traffic, the brewers, distillers, and saloonkeepers would have beaten them out of sight. The strength of the rum interest has been very great, and the material inducement to minimize legislation has been enormous. It took

a huge brute force of innovation and restriction to overcome the massive obstruction of the vested liquor interests. But now that has been done. The rampageous antirumites have got the entire alcohol purveying sodality scared blue, for fear their whole business is to be confiscated.

And it will be confiscated if the antirumites get free swing. They hold that every form of alcohol is bad in any quantity for every sort of human creature. If they get laws passed to suit them and it turns out, as in the case of the Army Canteen, that their laws work mischief to the persons whom they affect, they say "No matter; the laws are right; it is the folks who are bad." Which is funny. Perhaps man was made for liquor laws, and not liquor laws for man, but for our part, we don't think so.



BUT the gist of the situation seems to be that the antirumites, with a lot of drastic and reckless legislation, have got the liquor people so scared that they are eager to accept any regulation that will make their business tolerable to society. Furthermore, the agitation has stirred up a great deal of earnest study of the nature, uses, and effects of alcohol, and though the doctors disagree, and the wise take opposite sides, the inquiry is very wholesome indeed.

The time seems ripe therefore for a considerable amendment and improvement of the national drinking habits, both by legislation, and by the efforts of the influential liquor men and brewers to put their business on a safe basis. When the brewers and liquor dealers talk about the abolition of the saloon, and the bar, as they exist, and the substitution of the "old-fashioned restaurant saloon," where folks sit down to their beverages, we have come forward some distance.

This can never be a teetotal country, but it can improve—and perhaps diminish—its drinking, very much, and though most of the improvement must come from the increase of intelligence in individuals, a great deal can be done to help by intelligent regulation, both legislative and personal.

The Hero of the Hour



AS HIS BEST GIRL SEES HIM



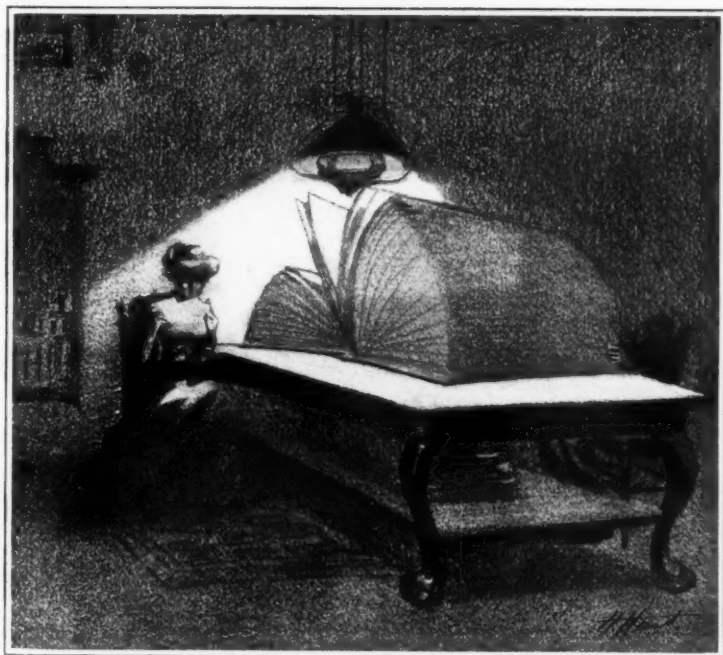
AS HE LOOKS TO THE BOY WHO PLAYS AGAINST HIM



AS SEEN BY HIS MOTHER

THREE years ago almost everyone wished he had a bigger house. Just now almost everyone wishes he had a smaller house.

"PAPA, what is a nature faker?"  
"Any one who deceives us, my son, about the ordinary facts of Nature."  
"Is God one?"



"JOHN, YOU SAID YOU WOULD READ SOMETHING TO ME OUT OF THAT MAGAZINE"

"I'M COMING TO THE READING MATTER, MY DEAR"



AS HE APPEARS TO HIS DAD, SHIRKING WORK

His Diagnosis Was Right

ON October 20th Mr. Hartzell, who had made several fortunes in the iron trade, shot himself through the head in a California hotel, leaving a note saying that he had too much money and too few friends.

Mournful as this incident is, it has its encouraging side in the evidence it gives that some of the rich Pittsburgers are beginning to find out what is the matter with them.





ON A WHALING TRIP WITH FATHER

### Fatlet's Soliloquy

*Hips must go.—Fashion Note.*

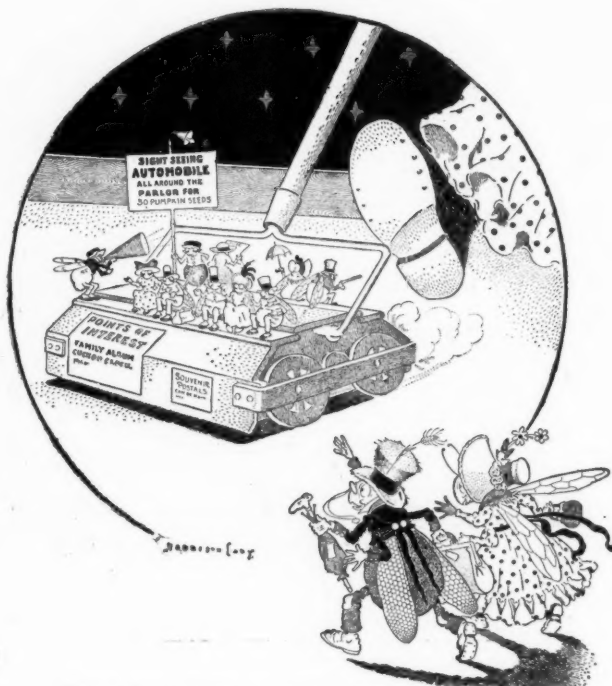
*Mrs. White adjusted the corset with a few deft movements, and presto!—the model was hipless.—News Item.*

TO lace, or not to lace, that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the flesh to suffer  
The pinch and squeezing of outrageous fashion  
Or sit down upon this dire announcement  
And, by opposing, end it? To gasp, to pant  
No more, and being fat, to say we end  
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks  
The flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To tug, to pull,  
To squeeze, perchance to pinch! Aye, there's the rub!  
For in this chase of style what frets must come  
Ere we may nullify this mortal flesh  
Must give us pause. There's the tight sleeves  
That make calamity of reaching up;  
For who would bear the grip of bone and steel,  
The stifling steam within the Turkish bath,  
The rubbing of masseurs, the gulping down  
Of powders and of pills of anti-fat,  
The shunning sweets and farinaceous food,  
When she herself might her contentment make  
In a loose wrapper? Who would corsets wear  
That neither let her walk nor stand nor sit,  
But that the dread of being out of style,  
That bridge-whistless existence, from whose bourne  
No traveler returns, puzzles the will  
And makes us rather bear the ills we must  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus fashion doth make cowards of us all  
And thus the native girth and size and plumpness  
Is skinned o'er with bands of crushing grip,  
And lose the name of fatness. Easy, now,  
My good dressmaker! Nymph, in my directoire  
Be all my fat forgotten!

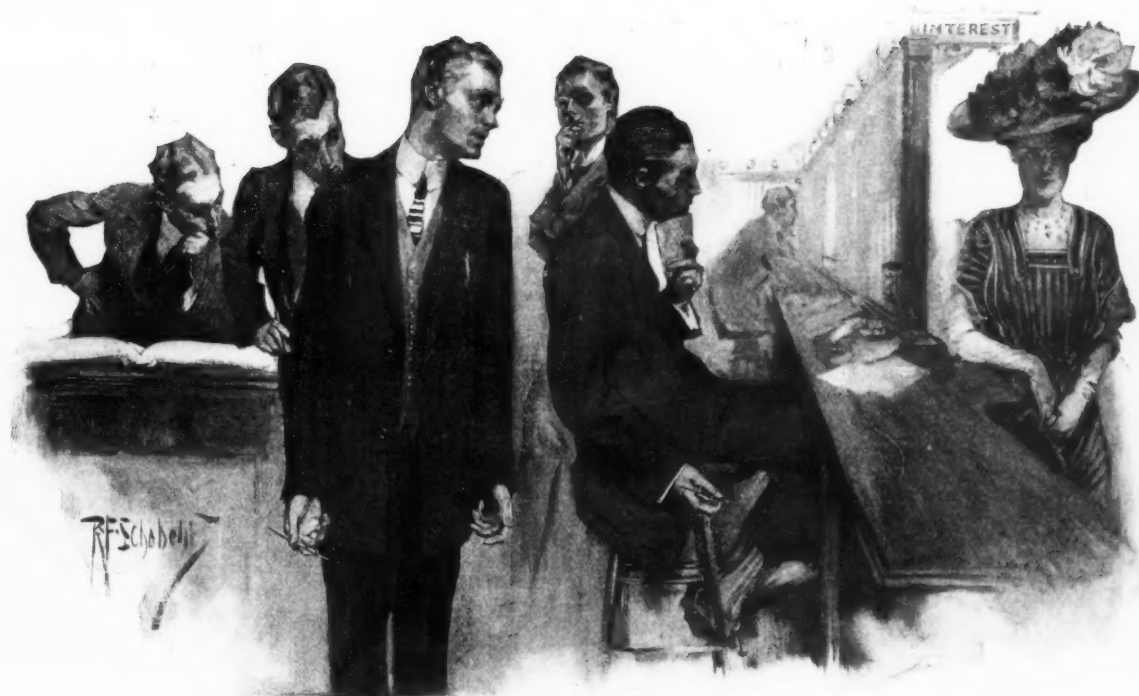
LYCURGUS arranged with the Spartans that the laws he made were to be kept during his absence. He then went away and never returned. Did Lycurgus go to Africa to hunt lions?



"I'D RATHER BE WRIGHT THAN PRESIDENT"

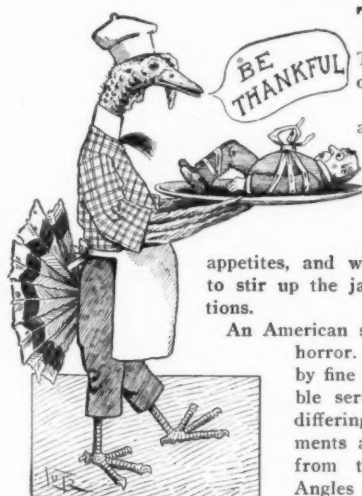


Hiram Bug: HURRY UP, HEPSY! WE'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE SIGHT SEEING AUTOMOBILE.



"COMPOUND INTEREST"

### The Stuffing Habit.



THE American has three National stuffing days—Thanksgiving and Christmas, and one a week, on Sunday.

The people who live in cities, and who can afford it, stuff themselves continuously. Not satisfied with eating as much as they can hold under natural conditions, they drink cocktails beforehand to stimulate their appetites, and wines and whiskies in between, to stir up the jaded stomach to renewed exertions.

An American square meal is a gastronomical horror. Its secret purpose, disguised by fine linen, delicate china and a nimble service, is in reality a "gorge," differing only in its hypocritical refinements and the strength of the actors, from the prehistoric orgies of the Angles and the Saxons.

But it is on Thanksgiving and Christmas that the American makes his supremest effort.

The meal is usually served in the middle of the day, when the vitality is supposed to be at its height. A goodly number of relatives and visitors having arrived, the table is surrounded, and the ghastly ceremony proceeds.

If there are children—and this frequently happens—they are goaded on by their superiors to eat until they cannot

swallow any more, and if a child has unusual abilities at the stuffing process, his attainments become the target for the delicate and subtle wit of the entire company. After everyone has eaten to the point of exhaustion, pies and cakes are then brought on, and disposed of in a sort of coma, after which long cigars are lighted and the air reeks with all sorts of poisons. Inhaling this air for some hours, and exchanging ejaculatory remarks about the weather and the foot ball game, the guests then boisterously depart, declaring that they have had "the time of their lives."

These two days were originally set apart, one of them as a day of fasting and thanksgiving, and the other to commemorate the fact that we are a Christian people.

### Unsuccessful Diagnosis

THE Man's cough grew worse, so he resorted to the physicians.

"From the stomach, I think," said Dr. Simtom.

"Pardon me, there is no such thing as a cough from the stomach," answered Dr. Modern.

"From the effects of vaccination, I should say," announced Dr. Nature.

"Indeed," replied his colleague, Dr. Serum, "let me remind you that (except tetanus, blood-poisoning and graft), there are no evil effects of vaccination."

"Well," said Dr. Experiment, "it is not to be expected that we should all agree—"

"On one thing we are agreed," cried Dr. Getrox, "that is to charge five dollars apiece."

But the widow refused to pay.

# THE HUMAN ZOO

## Grand Opera

THESE are busy days at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The stage carpenters are about to launch a brand-new, hand painted barge for Isolde: Mr. Hertz is struggling valiantly with the ample German mothers who are to compose the Parsifal chorus:

Mr. Dippel's "Turiddu" trousers which were "taken in" for Mr. Martin are now being "let out" for Mr. Caruso: the

fashionable directors are trying hard to look musical: the temperature of the prompter's box has been reduced to 110°: the subscribers are wrestling with Mr. Giulio Gatti-Casazza's unpronounceable name: the scene painters are touching up the drops in order to make them resemble—ah! the vanity of human effort—the exteriors of palaces and the interior of caves: the understudies are doing their utmost to reach the galleries with their delicate drawing-room organs: the box-holders are secretly selling gilt-edged securities with a view to occupying their own boxes, and an army of swarthy Italian barbers are saving their tips in order once more to mount those never-ending gallery stairs and hear the hackneyed strains of *Traviata* and *Trovatore*.

But this is not all! The women of fashion: what of them?

Ah! what miracles will greet our astounded gaze when those hipless goddesses glide into their boxes—along about Act III—and lose themselves in the pleasure of their ping-pong tête-à-têtes!

## The New York Girl Show

IN place of the usual Horse Show, which has now become so common that people in hired dress suits attend it, there will be this year a girl show. Entries should be made as early as possible.

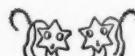
Class A. 18 year olds will be judged according to their form, fitness, grace and cash prospects. Contestants led around the ring three times.

Class B. Bleached blondes. These are so numerous that only a few of the applicants will be permitted to compete.

Prize of gold cigarette case to one who is able to carry the most hair. Prize of champagne cooler to one who makes up the quickest. Prize of box of red paint from Paris to one who talks for an hour and doesn't say anything.

Class C. Girls in harness. Americans who are in the market for noblemen. Tandem and four-in-hand.

Among the humorous features are a dress fitting, millinery, and back-buttoning contest.



## Get a Search Warrant

IN his just-out-get-a-copy-and-see-the-insides-of-a-great-man reminiscences, the Right Wealthy John D. Rockefeller says that "every week in the year for many, many years, this concern (meaning, of course, the Standard Oil Co.) has brought into this country more than a million dollars gold, all from the products produced by American labor." Passing over the tautology of "products produced," the question is: What became of that gold? Now is the chance to lay a new pipe line from the public treasury for the benefit of a few true party workers by getting out a search warrant and calling upon a nice, large, respectable, well-paid Committee of Investigation to sit on it. There is many a man in the country just now who could use a small lump of that gold right handily if it could be located.

It was said of Caesar that he "brought many captives home to Rome whose ransoms did the general coffers fill." Possibly that was the great event in history which our modern industrial Caesar was emulating. If so, he left out the important part about the general coffers. Aye, there's the rub. Those products produced by American labor went across seas and Rockefeller got the money and the general coffers just now make a noise like a deficit. Ellis O. Jones.

THE Custom House is a place where a man's finest feelings are outraged for the sake of providing revenue enough to enable favored industries to turn presidential elections in their favor. Thus he is confronted by two horns of a dilemma. To obey the law is to countenance robbery. To disobey it is to practice a deception which is foreign to his real nature.

## Bad for the Novelists

WHILE the cable despatches to our great dailies were announcing the determination of the Albanians to throw off the Turkish yoke and acclaim Abruzzi as their King, the society reporters were occupied in arranging the details of his approaching marriage to Miss Elkins of U. S. A.

We devoutly hope that the newspaper gentlemen have, for once, slipped up and told the truth, for the prospect really pleases. The Albanians throw aside a yoke: the happy lovers assume another. America is in the lead—as usual.

There is, however, a saddening note for the novelists in this carnival of happiness. The marriage is bound to have a depressing effect upon the fiction market. We hate to think that the "Zenda" and the "Graustark" type of story is to become mere truth, while truth must sink to the level of mere best-selling fiction.

We see the future all too clearly: The young American queen addressing the populace in perfect Albanian from her balcony: the man she loved as a mere duke has fought a series of spirited duels and become a fashionable king: between them they have foiled the wicked prime-minister: bombs have been exploded in secret and unsanitary *donjons*: the blonde imprisoned princess has regained her reason: the rope of pearls has been recovered from the Gypsies in their mountain fastness: the cipher message has been, thank God! intercepted: Mrs. Elkins has been installed as permanent Queen-Mother: Park Row circulations are soaring, and the stars and stripes are proudly floating on the escarpments, battlements, ramparts, counter-scarps and parapets of Queen Katherine's royal abode—All waltz!

"When the Coreys go to their hunting lodge in Michigan, they take along an orchestra of twelve pieces."—*News of the Day*.

A STRIKING instance of that Restraint which is the character of Station conscious of its Obligations. For Strauss can't be played, and played right, by an orchestra of less than eighty pieces.



GEORGE ADE, Opie Reed, E. W. Townsend and John Kendrick Bangs are only a few of the professional humorists who have entered politics. We shall soon have to replace the stars on the National flag with chestnuts.





THE SUMMIT OF THE MATTERHORN  
"OTHERS HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON THEM"

### Where, O Where?

A few weeks ago Uncle Joe Cannon was in the limelight, but now he is as dim as candidate Sherman.—*Springfield Republican*.

AT last accounts, the relief expedition sent out to find and succor Mr. Sherman had not been heard from. A wireless message reported that they had traced him as far as Syracuse. Several places reported that he had been seen there, trying to make his position plain on the tariff, but in each instance it proved to be a canard. A great many doubt that there was a man named Sherman running for Vice-President on the Republican ticket. If there is such a man, won't he please send his name and address to this office? He may hear something to his disadvantage.

### More Truths



can think of relating to medical progress, he tells us:

It is difficult to overestimate the share which experiments on animals have taken in bringing about this tremendous diminution in the pain and poverty of the community.

Also this:

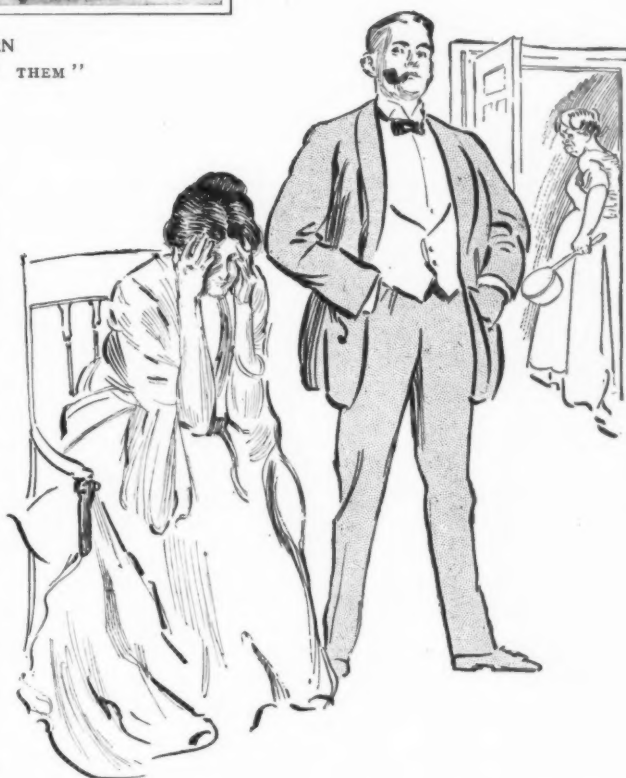
It is a fact that the value of practically every drug introduced within the last thirty years for this most necessary and most merciful purpose has been determined by experiments on animals.

Has not Sir Victor forgotten something? Aside from these choice old drugs—that we are rapidly discarding, by the way—are not the steam engine, electricity and wireless telegraphy also results of vivisection?

And how many dogs were cut up to perfect the telephone?

When the returns are all in from this age of experimental science it is my firm conviction that it will be abundantly proven that vivisection has added not a single fact to knowledge regarding functions of man, or the nature or cure of disease, that was not already essentially in our possession, or could not be derived from other sources. Scientifically, I believe vivisection to be useless as a means of obtaining knowledge of the nature or needs of man.

J. D. Buck, M.D., F.T.S.



He: THE COOK GOING TO LEAVE! WELL, I SUPPOSE I MUST GO TO THE AGENCY TO-MORROW.

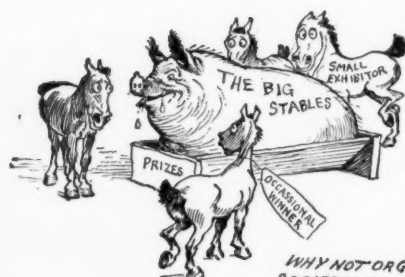
"YES, DEAR, BUT THIS COOK WON'T GO."



THE USUAL TANDEM FROLIC



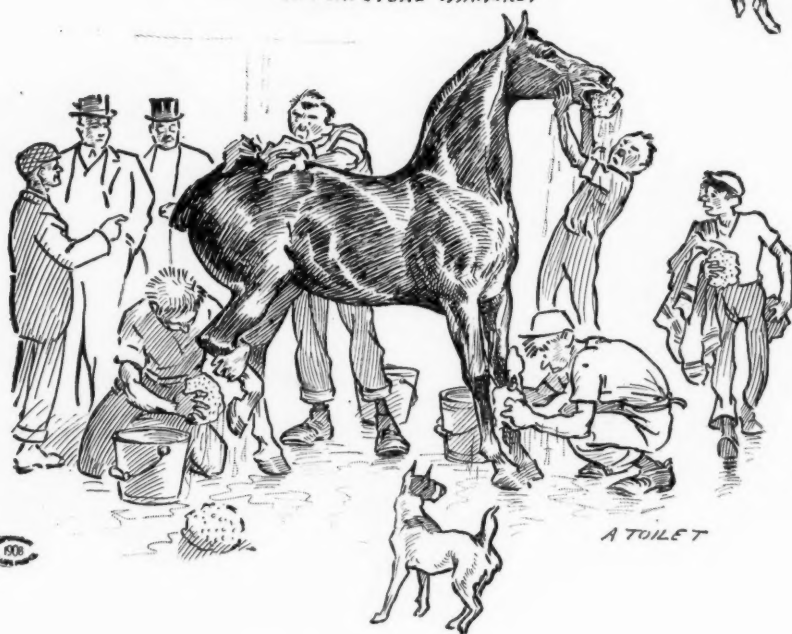
HIGH STEPPING CLASS—  
APPOINTMENTS TO  
COUNT



WHY NOT ORGANIZE A  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF PERPETUAL WINNERS?



IN HUNT CLASSES WITH HORNS  
ALWAYS BRING YOUR FIGHTING HOGS—  
THEY NEVER FAIL TO ENTERTAIN



A TOILET



Herbert Johnson



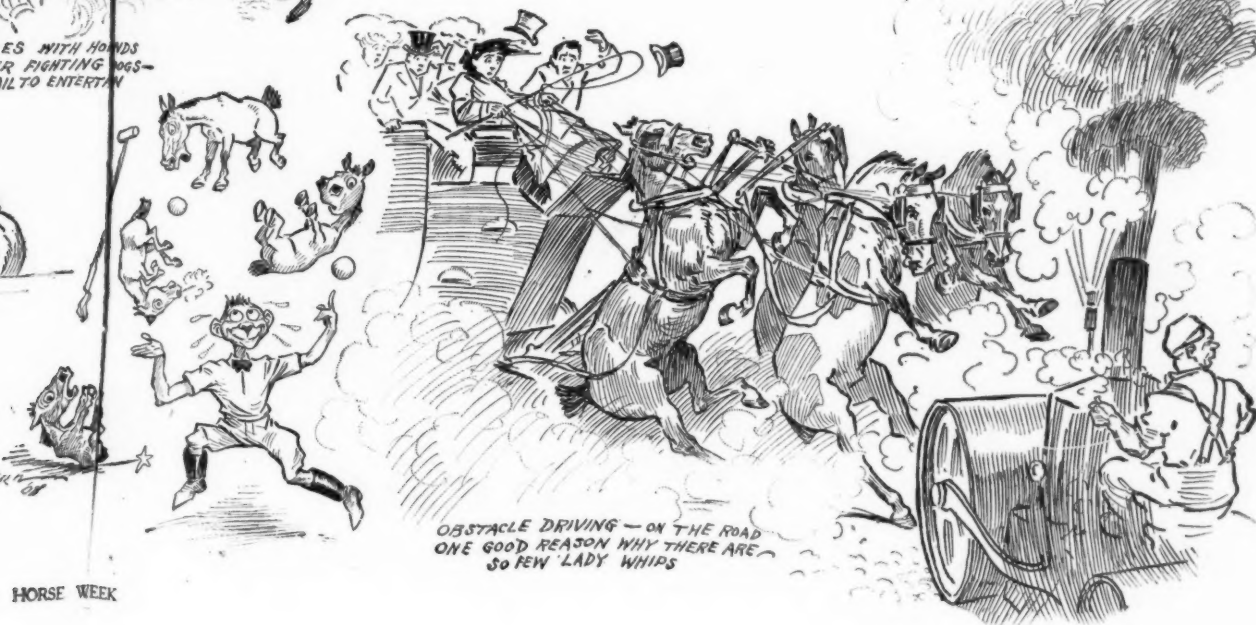
PONY MARKET  
(SOMETIME)

SADDLE CLASSES GENERALLY  
ARE BELOW PAR - IF NOT BETTER  
HORSES. WHY NOT MORE VERSATILE  
RIDERS?



PROGRESSIVE  
FASHIONS FOR  
LADIES

ES WITH HORNS  
OR FIGHTING DOGS -  
IL TO ENTERTAIN



OBSTACLE DRIVING - ON THE ROAD  
ONE GOOD REASON WHY THERE ARE  
SO FEW LADY WHIPS





### Turning Old Lamps Into New



PRETTY soon, perhaps, we shall have "Hamlet" re-written to suit modern conditions and with the plot revised to give the classic an air of novelty. In that case the garden episode which resulted in the death of *Hamlet, Sr.*, may be turned into an afternoon stroll during which *Hamlet's* mother and his uncle found his revered father defunct from apoplexy, which event the son's disordered fancy turned into deliberate murder. The subsequent developments, including the death of *Polonius*, *Ophelia* and the others, might also be twisted around so as to rejuvenate the old play and make it a modern vehicle for some newly created star.

This is very much what Don Jose Echegaray has done in writing "The World and His Wife." He has taken the story of Paolo and Francesca, told under so many names, modernized it and made the hero and heroine, instead of really being lovers, unjustly accused to the husband and finally slandered into loving each other after the gossip of "the world and his wife" had killed the husband and forced them into each other's arms. It is not obvious that Don Jose has improved the older and simpler story even though his American adapter has cheered up the tale with flippancies about the American occupation of Cuba and the personality of the present Queen of Spain. The play is not effective, even as a tract against gossiping, largely because our sympathies are not strongly aroused on the side of the wife and the customary young man in the house. Their friendship and its innocence are not especially picturesque, and as this is the main motive for all the trouble, we start with a halting theme. The jealousy of the husband is more skilfully handled, and we get something of an idea of the mental processes started and stimulated by the suspicious brother and sister-in-law. The story is told in a stagey way and is not deeply moving.

If Mr. William Faversham and Miss Julie Opp were more natural and less artificial the play might hold us more closely. Both of them seem to share the antipathy to bringing realism into art that Oscar Wilde displays in his lament over the decline in the art of lying. If in the voice of either one of them one could detect a tone that was not affected, or in their carriage an important movement that was natural, one might have been brought into sympathy with their situation. Unfortunately their work was simply mediocre acting, based apparently more on a study of their own personalities than on any effort to bring out the meaning of the author or to portray humanity in conditions of stress. They suffered by comparison with the greater sincerity and simplicity brought by Mr. Cooper Cliffe to the part of the harassed husband. Bar the disturbing effect of a somewhat grotesque wig Mr. Cliffe's work was the most consistent and moving in the play.

Mr. Morton Selten, as a member of the British diplomatic service, had most of the diverting lines, and gave the part just the right touch of combined fun and seriousness.

"The World and His Wife" belongs in that class of plays whose existence is justified only by the most exquisite performance. This it does not receive at the hands of Mr. Faversham and Miss Opp.

The curtain has just rung down on that quadrennial fictional drama entitled "The American People Electing a President." It always enlists the interest of a large audience. Many persons take it seriously and actually believe that the clowns wielding bladders filled with wind are dealing real blows. The more enlightened ones go home after the performance and go to bed with the feeling that what they have witnessed was only a make-believe in which they have no real concern. It also seems rather a pity that there should not be more realism and less farce in that fiction called "The American People Electing a President."

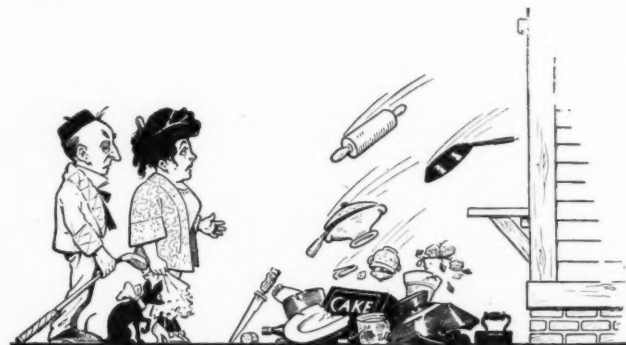


To our desk comes "The American Stage of To-day," by Mr. Walter P. Eaton. Until a week ago Mr. Eaton was the dramatic critic of the New York Sun.

As there is no question of Mr. Eaton's honesty, knowledge and ability to judge and write entertainingly concerning the stage, the readers of the Sun will doubtless watch the columns of that journal with the idea of learning just why this accomplished and fair-minded critic was removed from his position.

Mr. Eaton's book is made up principally of his criticisms of important plays re-edited for book publication. Just as his subject matter is more or less ephemeral so the book is mostly of passing interest, although it will always be of value to the student of the history of the American stage. Mr. Eaton's stage idols and stage ideals are not always our idols and ideals, nor does he use the same measuring stick in estimating them, but he writes with high literary purpose and in scholarly as well as interesting fashion. In fact there are few critics writing for our daily press who could not profit by a serious perusal of the work. It would be well for our stage if every theatregoer in New York should study Mr. Eaton's book.

And, best of all, it would be a great thing if every manager with box-office standards should be locked in a



POPULAR PLAYS  
"THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE"

Uplifters of the Drama



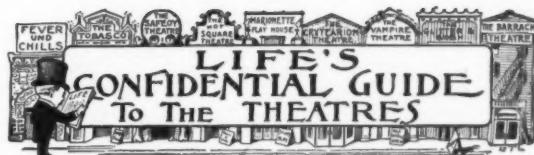
THE PONY BALLET

She carried a spear in "Evangeline,"  
And had daughters in boarding school then;  
While now in the pony ballet she's seen  
As a coy little maiden of ten!

padded cell until he could repeat "The American Stage of To-day" from memory.

We have got away from the reproach that American dramatists do not use American material. There is a rich mine of it in the accumulated literature of the mighty struggle for and against the abolition of slavery that went on for years before the Civil War. It has a picturesque background of slave and plantation life and is abundant in dramatic and tragic material. When our theatre escapes from its present get-rich-quick thralldom, we may expect to see this and other unused aspects of our national life utilized as dramatic material in successful rivalry to the threadbare themes of foreign social complications. It is incredible that as a people we should go on forever letting our theatrical taste be misled by our theatrical purveyors.

Metcalfe.



**Academy of Music**—"The Red Mill." Amusing and tuneful musical piece by Messrs. Herbert and Blossom, with Messrs. Montgomery and Stone as the comedians.

**Astor**—Mr. Booth Tarkington's "The Man from Home." Indiana chivalry wins out against the villainy of effete Europe.

**Belasco**—"The Devil" seems to be putting in a claim for immortality in which he is assisted by the able efforts of Mr. Arliss.

**Bijou**—"A Gentleman from Mississippi." Laughable comedy of some phases of Washington life.

**Broadway**—"The Golden Butterfly." Miss Grace Van Studdiford as the prima donna in an agreeably presented more or less comic opera by Messrs. Smith and De Koven.

**Casino**—"Marcelle." Amusing and well sung operetta by Messrs. Pixley and Luders.

**Criterion**—"Samson." Very Frenchy drama, by M. Henri Bernstein. The Stock Exchange as an avenger of matrimonial wrongs.

**Circle**—Mr. Louis Mann, in "The Man Who Stood Still." Fairly interesting drama of East Side life.

**Daly's**—Mr. William Faversham, in "The World and His Wife." See opposite.

**Empire**—"Jack Straw." Satirical comedy by Mr. W. S. Maugham. Well acted by Mr. John Drew and well selected company.

**Garden**—"The Savage-Herford "Devil," with a changed company, headed by Mr. Henry E. Dixey.

**Garlick**—Mr. H. H. Davies's "The Mollusc." Light, but amusing comedy, dealing with the possibilities of selfish woman. Preceded by May Irwin, in "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse."

**Herald Square**—"The Three Twins." Musical farce, with much fun.

**Hippodrome**—Charming ballet, and the air-ship put to impressive spectacular use.

**Hudson**—Mr. Maugham's "Lady Frederick," with Ethel Barrymore as the star. Notice later.

**Lyric**—Miss Lulu Glaser and competent company, in "Mlle. Mischief." Amusing comic opera.

**Majestic**—"The Great Question." Rather crude, but interesting, play, based on one aspect of the negro race question.

**Savoy**—"The Servant in the House." Modern religious inconsistency, satirized in interesting allegorical drama.

**Stuyvesant**—"The Fighting Hope," with Miss Blanche Bates as the star. Well staged drama of our own time.

**Weber's**—"Paid in Full." The Harlem aspect of New York life in well constructed dramatic form.

**Wallack's**—Marie Cahill, in "The Boys and Betty." Notice later.

By Way of Helping Some Humble Friends



MADAME EMMA EAMES has a beautiful voice and a very amiable and intelligent dachshund. She is much attached to the dachshund, and is the friend of all animals, so she has consented to lend her voice to the cause of our animal friends. She will be the soloist at a concert to be given at the Waldorf at three o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, November 11th, under the auspices of the New York Anti-Vivisection Society.

This society is careful to state that it favors the restriction of vivisection, and not its total abolition. This is a rational way of looking at the question and therefore any one who is not a radical vivisectionist or anti-vivisectionist can patronize this charitable entertainment with a clear conscience. The tickets are \$2.50 each, and may be had at Tyson's.

Please note that you can enjoy the pleasure of hearing Mme. Eames's voice and at the same time help a worthy cause.

## Between Gentlemen



The following correspondence relating to a matter in which the public has shown a lively interest, is here published for the first time.

THE HONORABLE SENATOR  
ELKINS, U. S. A.

DEAR SENATOR:

I UNDERSTAND my cousin Louis is very much under the spell of your daughter's attractions and desires to marry her. May I beg you, sir, to discourage the match. My mother, the queen dowager, is extremely opposed to it; so is my wife; so is every one of Louis' female relations, and all his male relations also, so far as I know.

While I presume his inclination, as a mere human feeling, is entirely justified, he is truly not at liberty to indulge it. I have no brothers and but one son, and Louis but two older brothers (of whom only the elder has a son as yet), so that, with only four lives at present between him and me, if anything at all wholesale in its character should occur, Louis might easily find himself holder of the office now under Providence entrusted to me. Failing that, as the son of an ex-King (of Spain) Louis is always open to the risk of being called to one royal employment or another, provided he conducts himself as heretofore with discretion, and marries in his own sphere of life.

But if he should marry a lady not of royal blood or its equivalent, his career



"AMERICAN SUGAR PREFERRED"

would inevitably be prejudiced in its possibilities, and marred in fact to a degree that would be sure in the long run to react upon the happiness of the lady whose affections he had engaged.

Moreover your daughter must realize that to marry a man of whom all his female relatives are proud, and for whom they all have other views, is surely to invite great discomfort and probably unhappiness.

Pardon me, sir, for intruding these considerations upon your attention. A sense of public duty must be my excuse.

I am, sir, yours, &c.,

VICTOR EMMANUEL III.

King, &c., &c.

VICTOR EMMANUEL III.,  
Italy.

DEAR KING:

I thank you for your candid letter, every line of which appeals to me. I have met your cousin a few times and he seems a young man to whom, personally, no reasonable objection can be made. As a son-in-law, however, he would not be my choice. He lives too far away when he is at home, and much of the time, I understand, he is away from home, pursuing hazardous adventures or performing his duties as an officer of your navy. Being considerably interested, materially, politically and sentimentally in this country, and finding the scope of its activities quite adequate to provide occupation for me and mine, I should be loath to have my daughter marry away from it, even into a family and a country most desirous to receive her.

Be assured, then, dear sir, that if your cousin should at any time consult me about marrying my daughter, or my daughter about marrying your cousin, I shall advise against it as strongly as I can. It is, however, the habit of girls in this country to choose husbands to suit themselves, and parental authority has very definite limitations. The most certain way, therefore, for you to avert the catastrophe which seems to you to threaten, is to persuade your cousin to transfer his attentions to some lady whom his female relatives can approve.

With best assurances,

I am, sir,

Yours, &c., &c.,

ELKINS,

Senator, &c.

(By cable.)

ELKINS, U. S. A.

Thanks for kind letter. Cannot do much with Louis. Rely on your kind offices in matter.

VICTOR.



"THIS NEW COW WILL ONLY LET A WOMAN MILK HER, SO I'VE GOT TO DRESS UP FOR THE PART!"

(By cable.)

VICTOR EMMANUEL, Italy.

My advice not much valued here, and forcible constraint neither consistent with my inclination nor lawful under constitution of West Virginia.

ELKINS.

(By cable.)

ELKINS, U. S. A.

I shall no longer oppose the match. It is no use.

VICTOR.

(By cable.)

VICTOR EMMANUEL, Italy.

Probably I had better consent, then, if I am asked.

ELKINS.

## Rural Habits

SMITH: Hello, Jones, do you still live out at Oyster Bay?

JONES: No—I'm in Brooklyn now.

"How is it that you Long Island people are always moving from village to village?"

"YOU don't mean to say that you are going back to horses?"

"Temporarily. I have moved to a new country place, and I thought I should like to become acquainted with the scenery."



### More Municipal Blundering

THE New York City authorities have chosen the worst possible year in which to broaden Fifth Avenue.

By reducing the width of each sidewalk seven feet they have gained fourteen feet in the middle of the avenue, or room for two rows of hansoms.

But what of the sidewalks? Heaven knows they were crowded enough *before*, but now that each sidewalk is to hold two less rows of

Merry Widow hats, foot traffic will be virtually impossible. The average hat for women (1908 model) is a little under three feet in diameter, not including the velvet bows, filmy veiling and defunct birds, so that the net result of the change will be merely—two more hansoms in the street and four less hats on the sidewalks.

Why not leave the avenue as it is and allow four rows of hats in the middle of the highway—two up and two down—and one line of hansoms on the extreme verge of each sidewalk?

This would not only heighten the picturesqueness of the avenue but would save the taxpayers a pretty pot of money.

MOST of the Senators of the United States seem to have been taking correspondence lessons from the Standard Oil Co. This seems to have been of some educational value, but have they all been graduated?



### DURING HIS VISIT

She: I AM AFRAID YOU FIND HORSES RATHER TAME AFTER YOUR MOTOR

### The Latest Report

THE educational situation up to date can be summed up rather briefly, to wit: The effort to create as many new positions as possible.

The more courses of study there are, the more people will have to be employed to teach them, and the more text books will be sold. The people at large will also be pleased, as the more complicated becomes our educational system, the more they think they are getting for their money. On the other hand, the children don't need so much time to play, as they are not so strong as they used to be. This naturally gives them more time for study. Besides, in case they break down, medical science is on hand, to vaccinate them periodically, operate on them occasionally, change their diet continually as new fads appear, and cheer them with selected serums.

As for the three Rs, they have been pigeon-holed. They once served a useful purpose. In company with a log cabin school house—where whiffs of fresh air wandered about at

liberty, without having to give the countersign—they furnished a habit now obsolete: Concentration.

Of course at that time, when concentration was in vogue, we were a much more simple folk than we are at present.



"FOLLOWING SUIT"



#### BRYAN ON ADVERTISING

It is the lot of the wise man to be asked fool questions. In fact, the asking is an acknowledgment of the wisdom of the man of whom the inquiry is made. Nobody ever asks a fool question of a fool, for a fool answers a fool according to his folly, and there is no question whereto the asker so honestly wants a wise answer as a fool question.

This being so, the man who asked William Jennings Bryan whether he really believed in advertising paid Mr. Bryan a compliment. It happened in Reading, Pennsylvania, this winter, and the modern Commoner indeed showed that he was a wise man by the reply he made. It was:

"The fellow who tries to attract business without advertising is like the fellow who throws his sweetheart a silent kiss in the dark. He knows what he is doing, but nobody else does."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

#### A DEAR FRIEND

"I hear yer frien' Tamson's married again."

"Aye, so he is. He's been a dear frien' tae me. He's cost me three waddin' presents an' twa wreaths."—*Dundas Advertiser*.



"YES, HE DOESN'T HAVE TO WORK SINCE HE CAME INTO THAT FORTUNE"

#### ARBITRATION

He was a man of peace, and he came upon two youths in a back street fighting. Accordingly he pushed through the crowd and persuaded the combatants to desist.

"Let me beg of you, my good fellows," earnestly besought the peacemaker, "to settle your dispute by arbitration. Each of you choose half a dozen friends to arbitrate."

"Hurrah!" yelled the crowd. "Do as the gentleman says, boys."

Having seen the twelve arbitrators selected to the satisfaction of both sides, the man of peace went on his way rejoicing in the thought of having once again prevailed upon brute force to yield to peaceful argument.

Half an hour later he returned that way and was horrified to find the whole street fighting, while in the distance police whistles could be heard blowing and police rushing to the spot from all quarters.

"Good gracious! What is the matter, now?" asked the peacemaker of an onlooker.

"Shure, sor," was the reply, "the arbitrators are at work."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

#### ON HER GUARD

"You see," said the professor, "the science of chemistry depends on the discovery of certain affinities—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Miss Prym. "I trust the conversation can proceed without drifting into scandal."—*Washington Star*.

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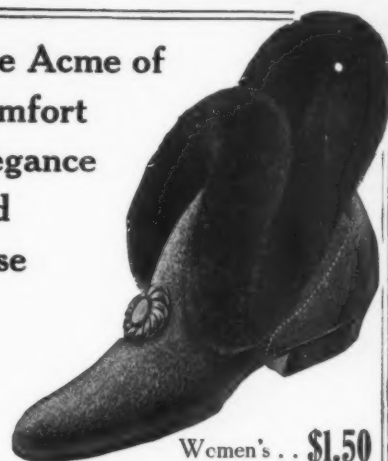
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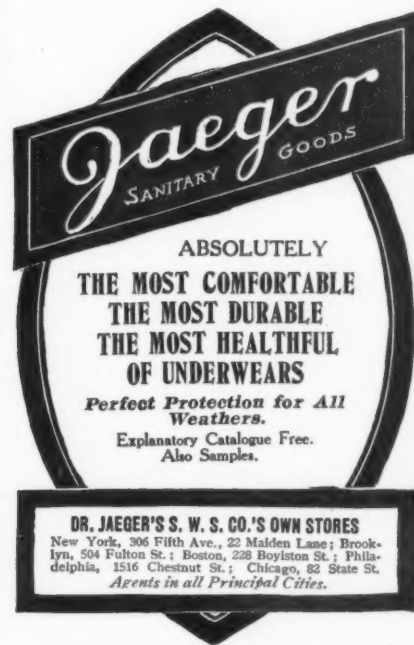
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Most attractive number in the year. Double Monthly Special dated December 3.  
20% more circulation than any other issue during the year.

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For information pertaining to advertising address

GEORGE B. RICHARDSON,

Manager Advertising Department, LIFE,

17 W. 31st Street, New York



## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

### WHERE, OH WHERE?

The old landlord of a small country inn was sitting listlessly before the fire in the bar parlor when the door opened and a loud-voiced young fellow exclaimed:

"Halloa, grandad! Get your frame in circulation! Don't sit round here like an old woman! I want accommodation for man and beast."

"Where's the man?" asked the old landlord in a flash.—*Tit-Bits*.

### AS GOOD AS DONE

Sir Joseph Ward, premier of New Zealand, says in *St. James's Budget* that there are few tight places from which the Maori witch-doctor cannot extricate himself, thanks, in a measure, to his devotees' credulity.

Rua, a local power in magic, once claimed that he could walk on water, and went to the beach with a number of natives who were anxious for him to perform the feat.

"Do you truly believe that I can walk on the water?" he asked them.

"Yes! Yes!" his followers cried, with one voice.

"Then there is no need for me to do it," the chief coolly replied, and he turned away, followed by the awed natives.—*Youth's Companion*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

### EVEN HONORS

One of the Tammany delegates at the Denver convention was approached by an old acquaintance who was badly down in his luck. Sidling up to the Tammanyite he said:

"Say, Billy, lend me a twenty, will you? I'm short."

The New Yorker went down into his pocket, fished out a big roll and handed a ten-dollar bill to the seedy one.

"Say, Billy," said he of the "touch," "I said twenty."

"I know you did," said the politician, "but I think this way is fairer. You lose ten and I lose ten. See?"—*P. V. Bunn in Success*.

### In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

### OF ONE PURPOSE

The stranger advanced toward the door. Mrs. O'Toole stood in the doorway with a rough stick in her left hand and a frown on her brow.

"Good morning," said the stranger, politely. "I'm looking for Mr. O'Toole."

"So'm I," said Mrs. O'Toole, shifting her club over to the other hand.—*Everybody's*.

"YSOBEL, do you think you could learn to love me?"

"Learn to love you! Oh, Maltravers, I could give lessons in loving you!"—*Modern Society*.

### NAMING THE PICTURE

The artist was of the impressionist school. He had just given the last touches to a purple and blue canvas when his wife came into the studio.

"My dear," said he, "this is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for."

"Why not call it 'Home?'" she said after a long look.

"'Home?' Why?"

"Because there's no place like it," she replied meekly.—*Glasgow Times*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER  
"It's purity has made it famous"



THAT the American public requires a telephone service that is universal is becoming plainer every day.

Now, while people are learning that the Bell service has a broad national scope and the flexibility to meet the ever varying needs of telephone users, they know little of how these results have been brought about. The keynote is found in the motto—"One policy, one system, universal service."

Behind this motto may be found the American Telephone and Telegraph Company—the so-called "parent" Bell Company.

A unified policy is obtained because the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has for one of its functions that of a holding company, which federates the associated companies and makes available for all what is accomplished by each.

As an important stockholder in the associated Bell companies, it assists them in financing their extensions, and it helps insure a sound and uniform financial policy.

A unified system is obtained because the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has for one of its functions the ownership and maintenance of the telephones used by the 4,000,000 subscribers of the associated companies.

## American Telephone & Telegraph Company



**Kosmeo Face Powder**

*Dainty—Refined—Invisible*

Unlike most face powders Kosmeo Powder is absolutely harmless. Its constant use will improve any complexion. Three shades—white, flesh, brunette. 50 cents at all dealers or by mail.

**Kosmeo Cream**—A delightful toilet preparation that positively creates a sun and wind proof complexion, and prevents freckles, tan and sunburn. Price 50c.

**Free** Liberal Samples and 64-page Book "Aids to Beauty"

Mrs. Gertrude Graham, 1565 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

# One Policy One System Universal Service

In the development of the art, it originates, tests, improves and protects new appliances and secures economies in the purchase of supplies.

It provides a clearing-house of standardization and thus insures economy in the construction of equipment, lines and conduits, as well as in operating methods and legal work—in fact, in all the functions of the associated companies which are held in common.

Universal, comprehensive service is obtained because the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has among its other functions the construction and operation of long distance lines, which connect the systems of the associated companies into a unified and harmonious whole.

It establishes a single, instead of a divided, responsibility in inter-state connections, and a uniform system of operating and accounting; and secures a degree of efficiency in both local and long distance service that no association of independent neighboring companies could obtain.

Hence it can be seen that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is the active agency for securing *one policy, one system, and universal service*—the three factors which have made the telephone service of the United States superior to that of any other country.

## Around Porto Rico

The special tours of the New York & Porto Rico Steamship Co. occupy three weeks, and are ideal yachting excursions on summer seas. The steamers have every convenience, with only outside staterooms. They circle the entire island and stop at many interesting and historic localities. The ship is the tourist's hotel during the entire trip, so that the labor and inconvenience of land travel is avoided. The special tourist rate for this cruise is \$140, which includes every expense. Write for illustrated booklet.

THE NEW YORK & PORTO RICO STEAMSHIP CO.  
12 Broadway, New York, or  
Raymond & Whitcomb Co., New York, and all Principal Cities

THE PERFECT RACONTEUR

(An Astonishing Incident on the High Seas.)

"This tempest's fearful howlin', and this thunder's  
frightful roar,  
Combined with this here boomin' of them breakers  
on that shore,  
And taken with yon creakin' of the rigg'in' in the  
gale,  
Reminds me of a singularly interestin' tale."

Thus spake Dave Snoggles, skipper of the schooner  
Sally Chubb.  
"Cut out the narrative," I urged, "and navigate  
this tub."  
In vain I spoke—he heard me not—far, far away  
he glanced,  
And (while both masts came crashing down) he  
dreamily romanced:

"'Twas on a moonlit tropic night, 'way back in '82,  
A starlit night——" (just here a wave washed over-  
board our crew)—  
"A night of soulful balminess——" "Look out!"  
I screamed in fright,  
"There's rocks ahead!" "In short," he said, "it  
was a lovely night."

"And as I sat upon the deck, one finger on the  
wheel——"  
(Zip, zip! I heard a jagged rock tear through the  
Sally's keel.)  
"I spied a mermaid swimmin' near—the Sal here  
broke in two)—  
"A graceful cuss——" (here both of us into the  
water flew.)

"She kissed her hand to me, she did, and wow! but  
she was trim."  
"Forget the mermaid, Dave," I yelled, "and swim,  
you jackass, swim!"  
Then doggedly I kicked and stroked and struggled  
for my life.  
"Said I," Dave gurgled, almost spent, "dear mer-  
maid, be my wife."

"And she"—(his voice was weakening)—"and she  
—she murmured 'Dave,'  
"I"—(here he fouled a floating spar and swallowed  
half a wave)—  
"I'm highly flattered, David, and in answer I would  
say  
"That"—(David Snoggles vanished in an ava-  
lanche of spray.)

"I'll be your wife on one condish"—(Dave popped  
up from the sea)—  
"And that's"—(he bounded toward the stars in  
foam-flecked majesty)—  
"That—that"—(straight toward the depths he sank,  
whilst upward I was bound)—  
"That—that—" "O Lord! That—  
What?" I roared. "'That—that"—(here Davy  
drowned.)

And I— Alas! they rescued me. Would that my  
aching bones  
Had sunk with Davy Snoggles to the lair of Davy  
Jones.

For though all day I ask: "That—  
What?" no answer can I find,  
And hence I fear my death is near, or—  
Rats! There goes my mind!

—Thomas R. Ybarra, in the Times.

A UNITED FAMILY

An old couple in Glasgow were in a very de-  
pressed state owing to dull trade.

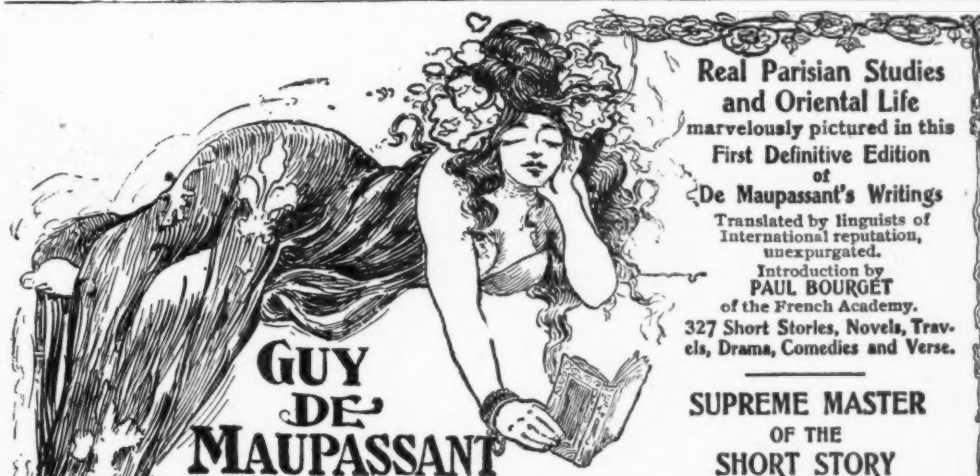
Thinking their son in America would help  
them, they wrote, stating their trouble, and that  
if he did not help them they would have to go to  
the poorhouse.

Three weeks passed, and then came a letter  
from their son, saying:

"Dear Mither and Faither—Just wait anither  
fortnight an' I'll come hame an' gang wi' ye.  
Your affectionate son."—San Francisco Bulletin.

# White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"



Real Parisian Studies  
and Oriental Life  
marvelously pictured in this  
First Definitive Edition  
of  
De Maupassant's Writings

Translated by Linguists of  
International reputation,  
unexpurgated.  
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PAUL BOURGET  
of the French Academy.  
327 Short Stories, Novels, Trav-  
els, Drama, Comedies and Verse.

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OF THE  
SHORT STORY

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pity, merciless as fate, immutable as fate, holds a mirror up to life without attempting judg-  
ment. No reading could be more delightful than his quaint, delicious SHORT STORIES in which  
is pictured with marvelous skill the virile novelty of country scenes, and the comedy and tragedy  
underlying the whirl of Parisian life, in which love and laughter, tragedy and tears run side by side.  
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the supreme realist and romance writer of his century. Included also are the Travels, Dramas and Verse,  
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**Monopole Red Top 1898**

(Moderately Dry)

OR

**Dry Monopole Brut 1898**

(Very Dry)

The Monopole now on the market, at the usual price, is exclusively of the celebrated 1898 vintage. 10,000,000 bottles of Monopole Champagne are in reserve.

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If you  
do, ask  
your dealer  
for

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The Springfield Metallic Caskets place within the reach of private families a tribute which before could be yielded only by entire nations to their saints and kings.

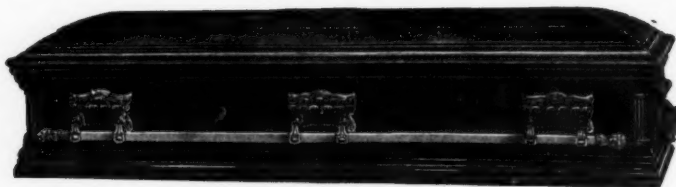
The Springfield Metallic Caskets are indestructible. They are made of bronze, of cast metal and of steel. They hold the remains in perfect protection from the despoilment of the earth,—keep the body

sacred forever. Their simple beauty is impressive and lends dignity to the last rites.

Make your final tribute worthy of your love.

To all who write we will send "The Final Tribute," telling of the efforts of all peoples, even savages, to preserve the bodies of their dead.

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The Springfield Bronze Casket, the most perfect burial receptacle known. U. S. Letters Patent, Sept. 17, 1898

### TO FATHER TIME

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight!  
Give us an autoless day and a night.

Give us a "yellow" sans headlines to scan,  
A rustleless skirt, and a hustleless man,  
A babe teddy-bearless, a microbeless kiss,  
A fistic fight fakeless, a straight-frontless miss,  
A giggleless schoolgirl, and—better than that!—  
A summer-clad college man wearing a hat!  
I know, Father Time, that I'm asking too much,  
But turn to a day ere a dinner was lunch.  
Swing back to an age peroxideless for hair—  
An æon ere "rats" made their rendezvous there—

An old-fashioned breakfast without Shredded Hay,

A season when farmers went whineless a day,  
A burgh moving-pictureless—ah, what a treat!  
A gumless-girl town and a trolleyless street;  
I'm asking too much, but I pray, Daddy Time,  
For days when a song had both substance and rhyme!  
—The Bohemian.

An advertisement of a nursing bottle printed in a Canadian newspaper concluded with the following: "When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."—*St. Louis Mirror.*

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and weekly thereafter, connecting with service for the Second Cataract, Khartoum, Uganda, &c. In addition Cook's Express Steamers sail every Monday and Friday. Luxurious dahabeahs and special steamers for charter to families and private parties.

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## A Wonderful Experiment

This is an actual photograph of an actual test. It shows a Rubberset Shaving Brush *sawed in two*—through bristles and all—leaving just a half brush.

In this condition it could be used as well as a whole one. Not a bristle could be loosened—not one could be pulled out at any angle or by any means. Even boiling and soaking failed to make any impression on the setting of the bristles, because the bristles of all

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